THE SLEUTH AND THE GIRL

Red Harrigan Meets an Unexpected Delilah on a Trip From the South.

There was a querulous note in the red haired sleuth's tone.

"I couldn't get the sleeper drawin' roomsomebody about four juraps ahead o' me had grabbed it," he complained gloweringly, shaking out the accordion pleats three yard long railroad tickets, with Fullman coupons attached. "And-that's th' South f'r yeh!-there's on'y one sleeper nitched to the train till we make Atlanta. line railroad 'commodations and things get in Dixie land, what?"

The other two at the table-it was in the luncheen room of the St. Charles Hotel New Orleans-viewed the previshness of the red baired one with calmness. They felt perhaps that when Red Harrigan trave'ed he was entitled to the best going. What was the use of being, like Red, one of the top notchers of the New York Headquarters detective staff, with the pick of choice junkets to bring back captured fugitives, if any of the luxurious trimmings of such expeditions, liberally provided for by propaid expense money, were to be

overlookr.42 "Oh, well, these sleeper drawin' rooms are kind o' cooped up like, at that," soothingly observed Red's assistant sleuth, twisting around the large yellow diamond in his ring and examining it fondly. "I'd as soon be out in the car, lookin' the bunch over. Hey, pel?" slanting a good natured glance at the prisoner.

The captive flicked the ashes from his eigarette and smiled neutrally.

'All in the point of view," he replied in a drawl that was obviously assumed, regarding his pair of guardians with impartial amiability. "If a fellow's for privacy and screened exclusiveness and all that sort of Grand Lama rot, why, the drawing room section's the thing, of course-pretty tidy place, too, for sleeping off a next morning head. But if a chap's of a foregathering, gregarious disposition—"
"Gree-what?" broke in Detective Red.

"Say, why don't you bresk that junk up into half portions? Gree-whattious? Why don't you can that stuff? Talk N'Yawk. You been there enough. It'll be some time before you'll have a chance again to spin that pink tea guff. Think that over."

The prisoner smiled unabashedly. He keenly enjoyed Red's resentment of his use of what the detective called "them high C jawbreakers."

"For the traveller, then, who likes to study the humanities," he began again, still employing his irritating drawl, "and who has a penchant for the analytical dissection of the travelling multitude, an ordinary section of the sleeper offers eppor-

"Aw, chop it, chop it!" irascibly cut in the red haired sleuth. "Where d'ye think y'are-on th' Chautauqua circuit?" Then he shook a warningful pudgy fore-

fing or at the complacent captive.

"Maybe you're thinkin', bo," he immessively, "that you'll have a better show to frame up a getaway out in the open sleeper, and all like that. Well, if you've got any think like that rattlin' around in your bean you might as well take somethin' for it right now. You ain't goin' to get lost on this ride, Freddie. You're goin' right through to little ol' N'Yawk without switchin' or sidetrackin'; and the first side ways peek you take out o' your lamps that makes you look like somebody dopin' out a quick sneak-well, th' cuffs for you, and you'll wear 'em till we get a Headquarters

Red paused while he bit the end off a fresh cigar.

"'S a matter of fact," he resumed, regarding the serene captive through the slits of his fat lidded, rather bloodshot! beady eyes, "it wouldn't be no bad gag to rig you out with the bracelets from the start. Hey, Tim?" darting a quick glance of inquiry at his companion sleuth.

Tim, still gazing raptly at his diamond, pondered his ranking partner's suggestion. He had made other prisoner escorting trips with Red. He had a lively recollection of having been braceleted to slippery prisoners for as long as forty-eight hours at a stretch. while Red, always his "boss" on these expeditions, regaled himself with drink and tobacco in the buffet car through the daylight hours and snored peacefully in his sleeper bunk at night.

"I don't believe Freddie's got any notion o' tryin' to vamp on us," said Detective Tim. "Hey, chum?" to the prisoner, helping himself to a cigarette from the captive's jewel studded silver case, which lay open

'Well, think that end of it over, you two." said the prisoner, shrewdly abandoning the d.awl. "I'd be likely, wouldn't I, to try to wriggle from a couple of Mulberry Street stars like you fellows?" He said it with such an air of really meaning it that it did not sound to them like skilful flattery. "Particularly," he went on, "when I'm overlooking a bet and departing from my invariable custom by going back with you two without the visé of the Governor of Louisiana on your papers. Particularly, again, when I've got a twenty to one chance of beating the New York indictment."

He perceived that he had made an argument that rang plausibly enough in his convoys' ears. But plausibility was his specialty. Frederic Pancoast, bond forger and Class A confidence man, had never before awaited a journey under similar guardianship with less intention of being delivered and receipted for at the terminal point than he possessed at this moment. He knew very well that the New York authorities "had him dead" on the big bond forgery he had "put over" aix months previously-else New York Headquarters would never have sent so "toppy" a sleuth as Red Harrigan, with an assistant, to escort

him from New Orleans. His capture in New Orleans had be sufficiently irritating to his sense of professional fitness. It had been due to his yielding in a moment of carelessness to his passion for horse racing. Living unmolestedly "under cover" in a luxurious apartment on the South Side of Chicago, he had succumbed to a sudden "hunch to see the ponies run" at the New Orleans winter tracks, and on his very first visit he had been most ingloriously gathered in by a lout of a racetrack detective who remem-

bered the New York circular. The two detectives looked self-conscious inder their prisoner's tribute-"Mulberry Street stars," even if it was flattery, sounded good in their ears. Incense burned by an acute police critic like Pancoast, so highly rated by the police everywhere for his adroitness and his phenomenal success in beating indictments, was not to be diadained even by so exalted a "fly cop" as Red Harrigan.

Harrigan.

"Sounds oily enough, chum," said Harrigan, not illnaturedly, but intent upon exhibiting what he really believed to be his imperviousness to flattery, "but how about that time when you showed up them two Frisco fly cops by divin' out of a sleeper window—wearin' th' bracelets then, at that, weren't you?—and makin' a getaway that got them two bulis broke to patrol

duty when they showed up without you "Oh, that," offhandedly roplied prisoner, carefully avoiding any expression of gloatfulness over the achievement of gloaftuiness over the achievement brought up by Harrigan. "Different sort of thing altogether from this affairwholly different. I had to boit for it that time or face the certainty of a trick at San Questin; they had the sure thing goods on me."

on me."
"All right, buddy," said Harrigan, leaning back is his chair and gazing about the luncheon room, "we won't start you with the pulse warmers, but me and Tim here'il take a peak—th' one that just sat down over there in the corner, with th' bronze mop and th' neck like one o' them swans in Central Park Lake. Oh; well, all of us red headed people are there with th' looks.
And she's all alone, too, bless her little
birdle heart!" and Red the sleuth, a bit
purplish in the face from enthusiasm and
openin' wins, folt experimentally of his
brietly brick hued mustache, gave a briefly briok hued mustache, gave a tentative dab or two at the diamond cluster pin in his ornate purple scarf, and waited, obviously, for the apparition of loveliness to cast a glunce in his direction, open wide her eyes over his bounting beauty, and

He had scarcely framed the hope when the young woman, speculating over the luncheon menu, contemplatively raised her eyes—they were of a coldly limpid sapphire with topaz glints—and swept the occupied tables with rather indolent glonces. At the very flaish of her cool survey she caught the devouring, grinful gaze of Detective Harrigan. For a mere fraction of an instant the passive hoatility of her straight, penetrative gaze bored tiny bulkeyes in the detective's somewhat jellylike visual focus: then there seemed to flicker around the corners of her curiously red lips a ghost of a smile. Skilled in the signals of such adventures, Red caught the all but impalpable wraith of what he felt to be a thoroughly intended smile, clearly meant for him, on the face of the self-contained young woman with the cameo profile, the wide strewn but artfully assembled mass of crinkly gleaming auburn hair, the snowy arched neck and the creamy pallor.

The red haired detective gave a little He had scarcely framed the hope when

creamy pallor.

The red haired detective gave a little confident cough into his hand. Probably she would be in the ladies' lounging room on the second floor after her luncheon, or

"We'd better be getting the traps packed. "We'd better be getting the traps packed, eh?" suggested the lesser sleuth, and the three rose from the table. In leaving it was necessary for them to pass the table at which sat the young woman. The prisoner swung springily along in front, Detective Harrigan being in the rear. He gave an experimental "Ahem!" as he passed her table, staring at the top of her lowered head with an avid gaze of beseechful inquiry. He was almost beyond the table when she looked up and met his flushed gaze. Again he caught that mere premonitory fluttering of a smile at the corners of her mouth.

"Oh, I guess I haven't got winnin' ways or anythin'," Red seemed to be saying to himself as he lit his fat perfecto at the cigar counter. He detached himself from the other two, who went up in the elevator to rack, while he lounged around the lobby, waiting for the younged around the lobby, waiting for the young woman "with the bronze mop"—it was thus that he had her pictured even in unspoken words—to emerge from the luncheon room. He did not know that there was another door from the luncheon room to the women's elevator, and when his detective meta taleshored down when his detective mate telephoned down to the hotel desk to have Red paged, Harri-gan nodded the boy into silence, edged over to the main door of the luncheon room, peered in and growled disappointedly. The waiter was clearing the dishes from the

vanished young woman's table. When some two hours later the two New York detectives and their prisoner settled themselves in their settlen of the sleeping car of the northbound train, none of the car of the northbound train, none of the other passengers—a scant dozen—could possibly have suspected the relationship in which one of the trio stood to the other two. They might have wondered, it is true, how it came about that the trig, well set up, rather "breedy" looking one happened to be in his present company. The detectives' clothing was of proper enough cut, they wore rakish travelling caps rather too much tipped over the left ear, and they made palpable efforts to copy the easy manners of their prisoner; but, mentally sorting the of their prisoner; but mentally sorting the three over, any moderately observant pas-senger could have discerned with half an eye that the youngest of the trio had "slipped his caste," so to speak, in making a rail journey with a pair of companions who adorned thmeselves with a good deal of diamond jewelry of which they were mani-

festly conscious Detective Harrigan's grievance in having been "beat to it" for the drawing room section would not down. He reverted to

section would not down. He reverted to it grumbingly as he deposited his traps in the section he had engaged.

"I want to get a peek," he muttered, "at th' slabsided old chipmunk that beat me to that drawin' room. I'd like t' tell him two or three things that'd help t' singe his gide locks. Where did he butt in tolocks. Where did he butt in to-

He broke off suddenly, mouth agape and eyes staring straight ahead. The other two followed the direction of his amazed stare. The door of the drawing room section had opened and the tall young woman with the bronze hair and the creamy pallor stood within the frame of it, her hand still on the knob and a slight shadow of petulance on her face. Detective Harrigan saw his opportunity and grasped it. He clomped down the aisle of the swaying train to the young woman. Heaching her he removed his travelling cap with a grotesque flourish that brought an engaging smile—not, this time, a mere shadow of a smile-to the young woman'

shadow of a smile—to the young woman's face.

"Beg pardon, Miss—er—'scuse me, lady, but are you lookin' for somebody, and can 4 help you to find him—I mean her—or——" and the flustered sleuth beamed flabbergastedly upon the young woman as he clutched the top of a seat for support against the rocking of the car. She regarded him with an expression of winsome gratitude that plainly sank deep into the

garded him with an expression of winsome gratitude that plainly sank deep into the system of the detective.

"I have been ringing for the porter for quite fifteen minutes," she said, "but I am afraid the bell is out of order, or—"

"I guess the porter's in one of the other cars, Missier—lady—prob'ly he's shootin' craps with one of his mates," interrupted Harrigan, chuckling sillily at this humorous deduction. "I'll dig him up for you."

The young woman murmured that she would be most uncommonly obliged if he would, and Harrigan breezed into the for-

would be most uncommonly obliged if he would, and Harrigan breezed into the forward car, while the young woman took a seat in an unoccupied section, facing and a few seats forward of Detective Tim and the prisoner, and rather boredly riffled the pages of a magazine she was carrying.

"Dream, eh?" mumbled Detective Tim, nudging the captive, who already was immersed in a book. The prisoner glanced at the young woman and yawned.

"Idiotic fashion women have of spraddling their hair all over their heads nowadays," he

nted, briefly enough, and resumed Detective Harrigan bustled back half a

inute later with the porter.
"Really, you are inordinately kind," said

"Really, you are inordinately kind," said the young woman—in so subdued a tone that Red felt called upon to bend over her in order to catch her words. "Travelling would be quite out of the question if it were not for the helpfulness of——"

"Don't mention it, Miss—er—lady," broke in Harrigan, utilizing his best brand of chowder pionic gallantry. "Pleasure's mine. Glad t' blige. Anythin' else I can do I'r you?—er—how far you goin?"

"To New York—no, there is nothing else I could think of asking you to do for me—just now." She added the two final words as if they embodied an afterthought, bestowing another dazzling smile upon Harrigan. Then she passed into the drawing room section—the porter having finished there—and closed the door. Harrigan awollen with a superior self-consciousness, joined his travelling mates.

"Classy from her bronze top to the soles of her Oxfords, that's what she is." he mused

of her Oxfords, that's what she is," he mused as he rejoined his companions. "And if yours truly can get the wimply little smile from that kind o' Class One-ers, why——" and Red felt of his diamond cluster pin and pulled down the bottom flaps of his flowered waistcoat."

waistcoat.

Presently Harrigan and his sleuth mate were drinking, neat, the contents of the flasks with which they had provided them-

selves before leaving New Orleans, immorsing themselves in the racing pages of the New Orleans papers as they drank. About half an hour after the young woman had disappeared within the drawing room section the prisoner yawned cadaverously—he had declined their proffered flasks—stood up and stretched his arms and then reached over and picked up the magazine which the occupant of the drawing room section had left in the forward seat. Neither of the detectives observed the move. Neither did they take any notice when their prisoner did turning the pages of the magazine did they take any notice when their prisoner idly turning the pages of the magazine-thus acquired, came upon a scrawl in a woman's handwriting tucked between two of the advertising pages. The prisoner spillered the note to romain where it was while he glanged over it, a smile stealing over his face as he read. Having read it he deftly picked the note from between the magazine pages, crumpled it in his hand, inserted the crumpled wad in his

mouth and ate it ruminatively.

The occupant of the drawing room section did not make her appearance until after 10 o'clock on the following morning. When she did emerge, however, the perfection of her travelling toilet compensated even Harrigan, who had been inwardly steaming over her non-appearance, for the delay. She looked as if she had just come from the ministrations of at least two maids. She wore a fresh, snugly fitting travelling dress of white braided dark blue linen. In addition she wore, when she opened her door and stood hesitatingly there, a smile that seemed to take in all the world, but that the travelly promittle concluded was that seemed to take in all the world, but
that Harrigan promptly concluded was
meant solely for himself. Cap in hand,
he was at her side in three precarious strides,
for the train (being a Southern train) still
was swaying perilously.

"Mornin', Miss ar lady good mornin'
—sunny day, eh?" he greeted her. "Anything that I can do——"
She interrupted him with a rippling little
laugh.

She interrupted him with a rippling little laugh.

"I fear," she said, "that there is some sameness about the courtesies you permit me to impose upon you. The porter seems to quite ignore my bell, and I want to send him to the thing car—there is a dining car?—for a bit of breakfast. I am perishing for a cup of coffee."

Harrigan, with something in mind—if he dared—flushed as he thought of how little used he was to trying his gallantry on women of this degree.

"Miss—er—madame—er—why," he spluttered, "I hope you won't take me f'r a Butt-

"Miss_er_madame_er_why." he splut-tered, "I hope you won't take me f'r a Butt-inski—I mean—beg pardon—that you won't think I'm tryin't' make a hit or anythin' like that, you know; but I'd be highly hon-ored, I honest would, if you'd permit me to er—conduct you to th' dinin' car and— er—" Here he faltered, but feeling that he had reached a point where there could be no turning back he added, desperately but with feigned lightness: "I ain't had

be no turning back he added, desperately but with feigned lightness: "I ain't had no breakfast yet myself, you see. They were late in hitchin' th' diner on—on'y picked it up th' last station back."

The bronze haired young woman regarded Harrigan with an expression of frank gratitude.

"Why," she said, with her curiously candid smile, "I consider that exceedingly nice of you. I do indeed. I am sure I am very grateful to you for suggesting it. One hates to go to dining cars alone."

The detective, in a trance, hurried back to his companions.

The detective, in a france, hurried back to his companions.

"Say, Tim," he said to the other detective,
"I'm goin' to take breakfast with a lady, and when I come back you fellows can eat, see? Or if you like I can send some breakfast back here to you two."

"I feel more like a ball than I do like atting," housely replied Detective. Time

eating," hoarsely replied Detective Tim, whose eyes were bloodshot from his previous night's dalliance with the flasks. "Say, isn't there anythin' doin' at all by way of gettin' a drink? Haven't you got a holdout in one o' your grips? D—n this holdout in one o' your grips? D—n this temperance gag in Georgia—man not bein

temperance gag in Georgia—man not bein able t' get a drink even on a train siam bangin' through th' blasted State."

"Not a chance," serenely replied Harrigan. "The porter come near gettin' St. Vitus's dance when I tried t' slip him a dollar f'r half a pint a while ago. Said a man couldn't get a drink on a train in man couldn't get a drink on a train in Georgia if he was old man Grant or T. Roosevelt. That's how bad they've got it down this way. Wait'll you get some coffee and feetill health of the could be all right.

and you'll be all right.

"Those friends o' mine," said Harrigan to the young woman when he rejoined her, are some sore this mornin' about this here temperance law in Georgia—we're in Georgia now, y'know. t'see th' train folks don't dare sell so much as a drop while they're in Georgia, and—well, these boys m with were celebratin' a little in Noo rleenz yesterday and now they're sittin' p with Col. R. E. Morse and the need of a hair o' the dog that bit 'em," and Harrigan, who didn't suffer from katzenjammer, chuckled at his humor. But the young woman looked genuinely sympathetic "Why," she said, "I am so pleased

"Why," she said, "I am so pleased that I can help them. I shall be very glad if you will ofter them my flask——"
"Oh, don't bother about it, Miss—er—lady—don't go to the trouble," interrupted Harrigan. "They'll be all right as soon as they have some cof——"
"But I shall be displeased, really, if you do not let them have my flask," she interrupted him in turn. "I have several brothers, you know, and I quite understand, I am sure, how your friends—just a moment, if you please, and I shall get the flask," and she tripped into the drawing room section.

you please, and I shall get the flask," and she tripped into the drawing room section, the door closing after her.

"It's pretty soft for you fellers," said Harrigan, returning to where the other two sat. "Pretty soft to have a lady—and a thoroughbred—dig down into her grip to get a flask for your hot coppers."

"Well, you sure are a hustler, pardner," admiringly exclaimed Detective Tim, becoming instantly chipper. "Blamed if you're not!"

When the door of the drawing room section had closed upon her the bronze haired young woman walked over to a little patch of mirror set in one of the window panels and deliberately smiled at the reflection of her face with something amount-ing to almost uncanny gloatfulness. Then she unlocked a Gladstone bag, richly she unlocked a Gladstone bag, richly mounted in gold, and drew from it an ornately chised silver pint flask, which was nearly full. Resting the flask on a chair she brought out a small hand satchel, unlocked it, and drove her fingers into one of the pockets at the side. When the hand appeared again it held a two ounce vial filled nearly to the top with an almost colorless liquid. Her hand shook as she held the vial up to the light.

vial up to the light.

"I never thought until now that I should ever be grateful for that attack of insomnia," she murmured to herself. "Perhaps if this works out Freddie won't feel disposed to ridicule me again for my oldmaideyness in carrying disused medicines around with me," and she smiled nervously as she tiptoed to the door and turned the bolt. Then, unscrewing the top of the silver flask, she poured nearly all of the contents of the vial into the liquor. Replacing the top of the flask, she shook it thoroughly. Relocking the bags and glancing about as if to make sure that she had made no mistakes, she opened the door, and the gallant Harrigan romped forward to receive vial up to the light. gallant Harrigan romped forward to receive

"I hope, I am sure, that it will relieve your friends of their distress," she said with a certain artlessness, handing the flask to Harrigan.

"They'll remember you in their prayers f'r th' balance o' their lives, Miss-er-lady," replied Harrigan. "I'll give it to 'em and then we'll go to th' diner f'r our bite o' breakfast."

breakfast."

Their way to the dining car lying past the seats where Detective Tim and the prisoner sat, the young woman fell in behind Harrigan, who handed the flask to his fellow sleuth in passing. "You're a lucky mug." he said, and then Detective Tim stood up in his p.ace, pulled off his cap and said to the young woman with a bleary grin, "Under obligation, lady—saved our lives," and bobbed back into his seat. The young woman smilingly inclined her head young woman smilingly inclined her head—in the very act of doing which she caught the eye of the prisoner, gave a lightning nod in the direction of the flask and shook her head warningly.

"Nearly full!" gloated Detective Tim when

"Nearly full!" gloated Detective Tim when Harrigan and the young woman had passed forward to the dining car. "Go to it, son— I'll lick up what you leave."

"It's all yours, Timmy," replied the prisoner with a smile. "I guess I'll pass up the stuff now until I get out of this mess. I'll wait for the coffee."

"Good boy—always stick t' y'r resolutions," replied Detective Timothy Reagan, not ill pleased at the prisoner's decision to abstain, and he placed the mouth of the flask to his lips and took a long, long pull

one. A few moments after this second enjoyable gulp he began to nod, and eathing himself at it rested his head against the back of the seat and dozed. The prisoner, pretending to read, watched the detective steadily out of the tail of his eye. After a short period of dozing, the against detective gave a start, pulled off eye. After a short period of dozing, the sleepy detective gave a start, pulled off his cap and stared vacantly at the prisoner. The prisoner coolly returned the gaze. "Why," gurgled Detective Tim, thickly, "I've b-b-been d-d doped! I've b-b-been d-d-d---"

He was striving with all his power to fight the sleep that was quickly overmastering him. A gleam of suspicion appeared in his blank, bloodsbot eyes and he tried to lean forward, obviously with the purpose of touching the button to summon the porter. But the prisoner calmly bent over the detective, whose strength was gone, gresped both of his wrists in a clutch of steel and held them tight.

"Why, d-d-danin you," gasped the detective, "you know I've b-b been d-d-doped and you.—"

tective, "you know I've b-b been d-d-doped and you—

His wrists suddenly went limp in the powerful grasp of the prisoner, his head wabbled back against the cushioned seat, his jaw fell, and within less than two minutes he was more soundly asleep than he had ever before been in his life. The prisoner watched him calmly. The car was deserted except for a pair of chattering elderly women some seats forward. The prisoner, smiling disdainfully, raised the detective's limp left hand, unloosed the large yellowish diamond ring from the third finger and then tossed the hand back into the snoring detective's lap. Then he leaned over, deftly removed a fat wallet from the detective's breast pocket, and placed it in his own.

The train at that moment began to slow up. The prisoner rose, stretched his arms and strolled to the rear platform. The train, the porter told him, was slow-

his arms and strolled to the rear platform.
The train, the porter told him, was slowing up at a water tank. The porter deftly caught the silver dollar which the groomy looking man in tweeds tossed at him.
"Open up this door for a minute—I want to stretch my legs," said the prisoner to the verter.

"Open up this door for a minute—I want to stretch my legs," said the prisoner to the porter.

"On'y got five minutes heah, boss," said the porter hesitating.

"Five minutes is enough," was the reply, and the porter tackled the mechanism that opened the door. The prisoner stepped lightly down and strolled off, stretching his arms and yawning. When, a few minutes later the train began to move the porter rushed from the car to the platform, and leaning far out of the open side door, yelled for the debarked passenger—who was nowhere in sight—to hustle "ef yo' all don't want tuh he lef" heah—which ain't nowheahs," bawled the porter. The debarked one not hopping on, as the white jacketed yellow man expected he might, while the train got under headway the porter closed the door. Knowing that he had no right to disobey the rule by unlocking the Pullman door at the water tank the porter lied most valiantly when, about half an hour later, he was rounded up and questioned. "Nobody had dun got off'n his kyah through the do'. If anybody had dun got off, it must 'a' bin through de window."

Detective Harrigan "spread himself" at ordering an à la carte breakfast for two in the dining car, and his garrulity over the meal was predigious. His gracious vis-a-vis

the dining car, and his garrulity over the meal was prodigious. His gracious vis-à-vis listened attentively and with the greatest apparent interest as Red revealed himself, not without visible inflation, as a detective attached to New York's famous Headquartucked to New York's famo ters staff. When he told her that the "dude guy" of the two men in the other car was his prisoner, being taken back to New York for trial for "high grade con work," the bronze haired young woman's eyes lighted up with nanifest interest that profoundly pleased the narrator, and she asked him many guile-less questions as to the nature of the pris-oner's offence against the law, the sort of punishment that probably would be meted out to him, and so on. Harrigan, in his ele-ment, talked on and on, heedless of the fact that the train was nearing Atlanta and quite forgetful of the fact that his fellow uth and the prisoner were yet unfed

The train was pulling into the outskirts Atlanta when Harrigan, looking out of Atlanta when Harrigan, looking out of the dining oar window, emerged with a start from his ecstasy of skilful self-praise.

"Why, lookit th' way I've been gassin' on, and them fellers without any Java yet," he exclaimed, jumping up. The young woman rose too, and Harrigan landing the way they stupped to the action. young woman rose too, and Harrigan leading the way they returned to the sleeping car. When Harrigan, still talking gayly, came upon his fellow sleuth all in a huddle, snoring like a paid off lumberjack and the prisoner gone, he stood speechless for a full minute, his face mottling into

changing reds.
"Drunk, by h—l, and our bird gone!" he howled at Detective Tim, grabbing hold of the slumberer and shaking him violently but unavailingly—for Detective Tim not to awaken to the consciousness of

a world of gloom for a good twenty-four hours.

"Oh, I am so sorry," murmured the bronze haired young woman, big eyed with a fine simulation of sympathy. "And all, I am afraid, on account of my poor, well meant flask!" Then with what seemed like the characteristic feminine disregard for the ludicrousness of anti-climax, "And I really believe the ungrateful creature has taken my flask with him!"

Harrigan got his mate off the train with the assistance of some station hands at Atlanta and carried him to a hotel in a carriage. Then he rushed to Atlanta police headquarters and began to burn the wires

carriage. Then he rushed to Atlanta police headquarters and began to burn the wires with descriptions of the escaped prisoner. Notwithstanding which a week or so later Detectives Harrigan and Reagan, looking hangdog and humbled, slouched into the office of their chief in New York—as the prisoner had pictured they might—told the chief what he already knew about how their man had slipped them and took the gruelling that was coming to them. the gruelling that was coming to them.

On an evening about a fortnight after his escape from the train Pancoast dawdled around the sitting room of a tastefully furnished apartment on the South Side of Chicago. On a couch in becoming negliges was a pretty woman with bronze hair, reading a novel.

"Oh, by the way," said the man, grinning a bit sheepishly, and he disappeared out of the room for a moment or so. When he returned he was holding up between thumb and forefinger a large yellowish diamond set in a heavy gold band.

"Whose is it, Freddie?" asked Mrs. Pancoast, looking up from her book with no great show of interest.

"Belonged to that fly cop who took such a fancy to your brand of knockout drops," replied the man, his self-deprecatory grin broadening.

replied the man, broadening.

She rested her book on her lap and regarded him with grave disapproval.

"Do you know," she said to him after a pause, "sometimes I am forced to believe that you have a positively vulgar streak Freddie? Why, that was out and ou

Freddie? Why, that was out and out stealing."

Then she took the bauble from his hand and studied it disdainfully.

"Horribly off color, isn't it?" she said. "Still, I might have it made into a hatpin.

QUININE FOR INFLUENZA. King Edward's Physician Regards It as Excellent Preventive.

In a paper on the treatment and prevention of influenza Sir William Broadbent, surgeon in ordinary to the King of England, is quoted by What to Eat as saying: "As a prophylactic (preventive) I early ordered two grains of quinine every morning during the prevalence of the epidemic, and the results appear to be good. Of course the patients who were taking quinine did occasionally get influenza, but I have known very many instances in which this dose has made a complete difference in the

patient's hability to infection and even in the general mode of life.

"I have moreover had opportunities of obtaining extraordinary evidence of its protective power. In a large public school it was ordered to be taken every morning.
"Some of the boys in the school were home boarders, and it was found that while the boarders at the school took the quining in the reseases of the master warry morning. in the presence of the master every morning there were scarcely any cases of influenza among them, although the home boarders suffered nearly as much as before.

"In a large girls' school near London the

patient's liability to infection and even in

same thing was ordered and the girls and mistresses took their morning dose, but the servants were forgotten. The result was that scarcely any girl or mistress suf-fered, while the servants were all down with the influence."

BEEKEEPING ASWOMAN'S WORK

CALLING SAID TO BE BOTH EASY AND PROFITABLE.

Expense of Beginning Small-Two Typical Cases of Success—Care of the Bees

-Yield of Henry—Bees Not Hard
to Handle—Work at Swarming Time. For a woman who feels the need of some

ocupation which will yield a fair profit without requiring much outlay, bee culture has been suggested. Many a woman, thrown wholly or partly upon her own resources, has her home, with perhaps a garden spot and some fruit trees adjoining her dwelling house. The care of young children or of aged parents may forbid her going into a factory, yet she has unemployed time which she would like to turn to account. To any woman thus situated the keeping of bees has many features which mend it.

The work is less arduous than the raising of flowers and vegetables, and has the advantage that it need not be carried on near a market. It requires less initial outlay than the raising of poultry, and the running expenses of the plant are far less, and then the wintering of bees is so simple as to cause no anxiety.

Bees can be profitably kept in situations that ordinarily would not be thought of. The heart of a city is often an excellent location for a stand on account of public parks with gardens. It is of record that the greatest known production of honey in a single year was achieved by a swarm bees which sought its quarters on the roof of a Cincinnati warehouse.

At another time a great amount of honey in the comb was obtained from a colony of bees that took refuge in Friend street, Boston. The suburbs or confines of smaller towns, where little gardens flourish, give tetter results in bee culture than the open country, where wild flowers must be the sole

Those whose apiaries are situated in towns will need to guard against injury from the electric lights. A powerful are light newly set up beside a beehive in the spring has been known to destroy the whole colony within a week from overwork

Their only rest was during the twilight seasons at dawn and at nightfall. When the sun rose or when the arc light blazed forth the insects felt the call of duty, arose and gathered honey, until one by one they martyrs to their industrious spirit The twentieth century bee is still so old fashioned that she deems it impossible to sleep while there is light enough to permit her to see.

Can bee raising be made to pay? This is a question of importance to the many people who, owning the necessary facilities, yet hesitate to branch out into an industry of which they know little. With ordinary care and common sense, it has been said, anybody can raise bees successfully. Perhaps the best argument is the plain statement of facts.

An elderly widow some fifteen years ago was presented wih a swarm of bees. As she was just recovering from illness she gladly accepted the gift as likely to furnish pleasant outdoor recreation. So absorbing did she find the subject that she gave it more and more of her time and

At her pleasant country home she now has fifty hives of bees established upon a commercial basis, with accounts carefully kept, so that she knows absolutely her expenses, receipts, and net profit. Her statement is that half a dozen colonies handled with ordinary care can be relied upon to yield 100 per cent. profit annually upon the investment.

She goes on to say that a woman who depended upon her own work in spare moments might better limit the number of hives to six, as when the swarms are increased much beyond that their rapid propagation would sometimes make it needful to call extra help, and if this assistance s not be near at hand the loss of swarms would be the result. In her own case she has plenty of help to call upon, and has become especially interested in the work, permitting her plant to increase as a matter of experiment, since she is in easy circumstances and can therefore afford to risk a

little profit in the interests of science. What she has learned she freely communicates to other bee keepers who are less favorably situated, in order to help the good work along. Her hives are for the most part arranged in a semicircle in the most part arranged in a semicircle in the apple orchard, with a protecting hedge at the rear to keep off the north wind.

A young girl captured a swarm of wild black bees and placed them in a hive. She procured an Italian queen, which she substituted for the wild one. From this beginning she has in three years accumulated half a dozen hives of bees, besides selling several swarms to her friends. She says that she has doubled her money over and over again.

over again. cases may perhaps be done by any woman who cares to take up bee culture. She may not be so fortunate as to obtain her bees for nothing, as was done in these two infor nothing, as was done in these two in-stances, but a good swarm of bees can be bought for \$3, and the average cost of a fine queen is the same as the swarm. Hives can be bought at prices varying from \$7 to \$12, averaging perhaps \$10 for a stand-ard ten frame hive capable of holding 65,000 bees. This \$16 is all the outlay neces-sary, as the bees feed themselves all sum-mer and store up food for winter. It is not unusual for a good strong col-

sary, as the bees feed themselves all summer and store up food for winter.

It is not unusual for a good strong colony to produce from fifty to one hundred pounds of honey in a single season. The ten frame hive will hold one hundred pounds, as each frame holds ten pounds. At twenty cents a pound this means from \$10 to \$20 from each hive.

Moreover, when the first cost is paid there are no additional expenses to be met, as in other lines of business. A queen lives four or five years, and when she becomes unfit for service the workers, by a process called natural renewal, rear her successor and kill the old queen.

The swarm renews itself and occasionally throws off new colonies, unless the honeycomb is frequently removed. These new swarms can be sold.

The hives last a long time and furnish sufficient shelter to the inmates, even in winter, if they are covered each with an old bag and an old box to shed rain. The entrance must be left open for air during the winter, as the bees like to come out and sun themselves on pleasant days, as well as to clean house now and then and drag out the corpees of their dead.

In regard to feeding, it is unnecessary, but certain apiarists contend that it is good policy to feed the bees for a whole month

but certain apiarists contend that it is good policy to feed the bees for a whole month before the principal honey barvest occurs with very thin honey, or with syrup made from brown cane sugar. Only a small quantity is given, possibly two cents worth each day to each hive; and the object of the feeding at this time is to insure a large force of workers to take care of the honey as soon as the flowers open.

Of course this feeding is entirely optional.

The bees will live without it, but will not make so much honey as they would if it had

To the uninitiated there is something terri-fying in the thought that the bees must be handled. What seems a dangerous feat is in reality so simple that nobody need feel apprehension.

apprehension.

Hives may be torn to pieces and the bees handled with perfect safety if a person is gentle in her movements and is careful to avoid crushing any of the insects. Veil and gloves may be worn to give the owner courage at first, but she will soon see that they are not needed and will discard them are a hindrance to her freedom of motion. as a hindrance to her freedom of motion.

Bees are not, like wasps, irritable and

warlike. They are good natured and intent upon their own business. It is evident that they become accustomed to one person. They seem to recognize a footstep, and their sight is defective.

Personal for that their sight is defective.

is defective.

Perhaps for that reason they cannot tolerate dark clothing, but show no disturbance at the presence of persons dressed in white or in light colors. When seen clearly the object has no terrors for them.

They are timid creatures by nature. The parent and reason which they are to the control of the control

They are timid creatures by nature. The anger and reseatment which they show when one of their number is carelessly crushed probably arises from fright. When thoroughly alarmed they will attack anything and do not value their lives.

Until the owner knows his bees and is known to them all handling can be safely done by first feeding them freely with honey and then blowing a little smoke into the hive. They then become too stupid to do more than erawl out of the way and may be handled with impunity.

The greatest difficulty perhaps is met in securing the new colony, before it can escape, at the time of swarming. Three methods are in practice.

The new swarm may be allowed to get quite away from the hive and may be followed until it settles upon the limb of some tree, where it may be captured by means of a hollow, baglike contrivance, fastened to the end of a long pole, out of which the bees

a hollow, baglike contrivance, fastened to the end of a long pole, out of which the bees can be shaken into the new hive. This is not the usual mode of procedure.

Most bee men clip the wings of the queen to prevent her from flying, place her in a new hive and set it up in the position that the old one has occupied. Some even practise shook swarming by removing the frame, queen and all, to the new hive and shaking about half the bees into the new quarters with her.

As to the kind of bees to keep, there are many races and each has its good points. The Italian varieties were first imported, have been longest in the country, are most widely known and are always gentle and trustworthy.

The Cyprians, from the island of Cyprus.

trustworthy.

The Cyprians, from the island of Cyprus, are great honey gatherers but are touchy and require careful handling. The Syrian bee comes from Palestine and is interesting apart from its commercial value on account of its historic associations and the many references to it in Scripture.

The Caucasian bees, which come from Russia, are good workers and good defenders of their hives, although very gentle. They possess the good quadity of being exceedingly prolific. This is also true of the Carniolans, which are quiet and industrious and seem to winter especially well, coming out strong and capable in the spring. The German black bee is a common species, being frequently found wild in this country.

The honey making season will vary in length, according to location. These estimates are based upon conditions in New England, where all the wild flowers are killed by frost about the time of the full moon in September, and where only the most hardy blossoms, such as awamp maple and trailing arbutus, are out by the first of May; while the fruit trees, which constitute the first abundant supply of bee food, do not open their blossoms until two or three

May; while the fruit trees, which constitute
the first abundant supply of bee food, do
not open their blossoms until two or three
weeks later. Of course, the longer the
blossom season lasts the more profit will
accrue from bees, and the conditions in California must be ideal.

The trade is helped by the fact that honey
in the comb can be neither adulterated nor
imitated. It is a popular fallacy that artificial combs of honey are placed upon the
market, but there is no truth in the supposition. It is impossible to manufacture position. It is impossible to manufacture any successful imitation of natural honey-comb, as was proved twelve years ago when a certain concern offered \$1,000 to any one who could produce one pound of artificial honeycomb. This offer has re-mained open ever since

mained open ever since.

Of course it is true that much of the comb honey upon the market is of very inferior quality, but it is genuine honey nevertheless. It was probably produced by bees fed upon the blossoms of the buckwheat, which make honey much darker in color than that which is stored up from fruit tree or garden florescence.

BACK YARD STUDIES. The Professor Halts His Work for a Moment

to Look at the Failing Snow. "I wish," said Prof. von Joggleby, "that could recall and realize now the amazement and wonder that I know must have filled me when for the first time I saw snow. Of that first impression I can conjure no recollection whatever, but I can guess at what it must have been by the astonishment I see displayed by children now when they see falling from the clouded sky something that they had never seen or even dreamed of before-something won-

"The first crystal that comes they wonder at, and as more come their wonder grows, and when the air is filled with the soft white flakes, falling straight or turning and twisting and crisscrossing, they fairly throw up their hands, or they stand by the window and watch silently, and for another wonder see the brown earth turn white. What an amazing fairy wonder spectacle must be the child's first anow!

"But while I cannot recall at all my own first impression of it, snow has always continued to be to me, as it still is, a source of wonder and delight. I love to see it snow now just the same as ever; to see the

snow now just the same as ever; to see the white crystals coming gently down or sourrying here and there in the snow filled air, and now at my age there seems about the snow something that in some vast way is kindly and soothing.

Me when it snows the world seems to take a rest from its commonly reientlessly busy ways to be for a while at least beguiled and charmed. I know that for myself on a day like this, as I look out upon the range of back yards and the houses beyond, and the tailer houses beyond them, and the sky beyond all, in view from my study window, and see the air filled with falling snow and snow everywhere, my mind is snow and snow everywhere, my mind is quite drawn from the problems that com-monly concern me and I am rapt in con-

monly concern me and I am rapt in con-templation of the snow.

"The houses facing on the next street are low and their snow covered roofs I can see, and their now white, snow crowned chimney tops, and beyond on the taller houses of varying heights I can see the snow covered window caps and sills and the snow trimmed balconies and cornices; and here beneath me the back vards are all and here beneath me the back yards are all now blanketed with smooth unbroken snow, and all the shrubs and trees are be-

snow, and all the shrubs and trees are bedecked with the same fleecy covering.

"Back of my bouse stands a big tree
that, thus adorned, seems now like some
strange sort of great white flower, and past
that tree, where there is a gap in the row
of houses, a plot of ground not built upon, I
can see into the street beyond. All white
there, just the same; and looking there one
begins to realize the stience that with the
coming of the snow has fallen upon the
earth.

coming of the snow has fallen upon the earth.

"The passing wagons make no sound, for now they are moving on a carpet of snow; they go by silently. And they move more slowly; this to be sure because the snow impedes them, but it looks as if they were moving more leisurely, sauntering and enjoying the snow, and the few scattering people, carrying snow covered scattering people, carrying snow covered umbrellas, move in like manner. "There is just one sound that now comes clear and distinct and that is the sound of

"There is just one sound that now comes clear and distinct and that is the sound of coal running down a steel coal chute where somebody is getting in coal; the steadily running coal keeps the chute clear of ancw; but that sound from the resonant steel is not unmusical, heard through the intervening falling snow; and then for other sounds from without we hear at intervals the whistles of boats on the rivers, but these come to us muffied by the same medium, and within, again, in my range of back yards, reigns unbroken silence.

"There is nobody abroad here, and even the cats have deserted the fence tops, and the sparrows, no longer foraging, have all sought shelter, save as we now and then see one, a solitary sparrow, flying hurrying through the air like a messenger from one sheltered flock to another. The back yards are silent indeed in the presence of the mysterious wonders of the snow.

"And it is still snowing. The allent white feathery flakes are still falling and sliding and gliding and dancing and intertwining, the air is filled with the silent snow—it is still snowing; and I could sit and watch it all day long. But now I must get back to my work."

STEPS TO PROTECT PATRONS FROM FIRE AND PANIC.

Operators Must Praye Their Fitness to Run the Machines-Most of Them Have Been Incompetent in the Past-Other Precautions to Be Taken If

A municipal examining board to pass upon the qualifications of operators of moving picture machines is the result partly of the recent catastrophes at moving picture shows in England and in Pennsyl vania and partly of a serious fire in a building in this city last Christmas, where a moving picture machine was in operation and from which a hundred persons barely got out without injuries.

The city authorities have for several years been worried by the rapid increase of moving picture shows in Greater New York. In many cases syndicates have been formed to run penny areades and nickelodeons and have opened up a dozen or more each. Some were close corporations and in other cases stock was sold to the public, the money from the stock sales being used to open up more theatres.

Almost any kind of store building could be fitted up at little expense to catch the cents and nickels of children and grownups who wanted to be amused for a small price. As a result of a crusade against these cheap theatres by Police Commissioner Bingham and the Commissioner of Licenses many of them were closed because Fire Department and Building Department rules were not complied with.

When the authorities got to studying the nauses of moving picture disasters elsewhere they found that no matter how closely ordinances might be lived up to if the machines were in the hands of incompetent operators the women and children who usually make up the audiences at these cheap shows were constantly in danger. The component parts of a panic were always present, and it only needed a false move on the part of the careless operator to bring the parts together successfully.

Investigation of the fire at the moving picture show in this city revealed the fact that the machine was operated by a boy who was not only unfamiliar with the apparatus he was running but was too young to understand that the slightest slip on his part might be fatal to scores of persons who were entirely unconscious of the risk they were running. In this case the cause of the fire was due to the operator allowing the arc lamp used with the moving picture

machine to set fire to the film.

The Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity found that it was clearly up to it to take steps to prevent such occurrences in the future. It was then determined to supplement the efforts already taken by other city officials to make the moving picture shows less dangerous by investigating the conditions under which these machines were operated and to put in effect

such restrictions as were necessary.

As a preliminary the shows to which licenses had been granted were looked up.

It was found that of the 200 places where moving picture machines were operated over 95 per cent. were kept by foreigners or incompetent persons, over 75 per cent. of whom were unable to read and understand the printed instructions which were issued when the licenses were granted. In every case in which it was found that the operator

or manager couldn't make out the instruc-tions the license was taken away.

A surprising result of the investigation was the discovery that many boys were permitted to run machines which should have been in the hands of none but competent electricians. This was apparently due to the fact that the proprietors were determined to hire assistants as cheaply as possible. It was decided to withhold licenses from

persons who could not carry on an intel ligent conversation with the inspectors of the various departments as well as from those who after a few days could not read those who arter a rew days could not read the instructions clearly. The department has also undertaken to register the names and addresses of all persons operating moving picture machines, giving them a number and making a record of their years of service and their ability to run the ap-

The examination into the fitness of the operator for the work he has to do is a feature of the department's work. The operators are taken to the department's hard-near the control of the department's work. operators are taken to the department's laboratory, where a machine has been fitted up. The operator is then told to go ahead and discover all the faults he can. These usually include paper and films littered about the operator's booth where they might be set on fire by the arc lamp, places where smoke and flame could find exit from the booth, imperfect shutters which might cause a fire, exposed connections, changes in the rheostats. If the operator fails to detect these dangers and apply the proper remedies or ask for as-

nections, changes in the rheostats. If the operator fails to detect these dangers and apply the proper remedies or ask for assistance the license is withheld.

The department has solicited the aid of the manufacturers of these machines in devising safeguards, and has secured their cooperation to such an extent that when the machines are delivered they are as safe as they can te made. Each machine has a number corresponding to that on the certificate issued for its operation. If any one is found operating an inferior machine or violating any of the regulations laid down his license is to be revoked.

It is expected that these safeguards will prove entirely sufficient, but if in the future a new danger arises the department will rearrange entirely the conditions governing the location of such machines. It may be necessary for the department to refuse to issue permits for moving picture shows in the centre of long blocks, and to confine them to corner stores where there are side exits and ample space for front exits.

The rearrangement may mean that the machines themselves will be constructed within a metal lined cabinet. The entire front of the building may have to be constructed so that it can be thrown into a single wide doorway if necessary. If there is still danger, a wholesale closing up of the moving picture shows will be ordered.

the moving picture shows will be ordered. MUST READ 26 BOOKS A DAY. That Stunt Necessary Just to Keep Up

With the American Output. Somebody has just figured it out that a man will have to read at the rate of twentysix books a day to keep up with American literature alone. Last year, according to the Independent, we broke the record: 2,481 more books published in the United States than in 1906; far ahead of any previous

year.
The total number for 1907 was 9,620, from which may be subtracted 695 new editions, leaving 8,925 really new books appearing in the United States.

in the United States.

Of these 6,517 were by American authors or were new editions manufactured in the United States, the others being by English or other for eign authors or consisting of imported editions, bound or in sheets.

We are gradually making good our literary declaration of independence, every year producing a larger proportion of the books we read, especially fiction. In quantity if not in quality we are catching upwith England, where last year 9,814 books appeared, only 294 ahead of us, whereas in 1908 the English publications outnumbered the American by 1,464.

The French in 1907 produced 10,785, of which, however, 2,000 or 3,000 were mere pamphlets. The Italian book production for the same year was 7,040. In the American list fiction of course stands at the head, with 1,171 titles. Next to it and rapidly gaining on it is theology and religion, with 379.

The classes following are law, physical

with \$76.

The classes following are law, physical and mathematical science, poetry and the drams. Why is it that people will continue to say that religion is a dead issue and that nobody reads poetry in face of the fact that last year in this country the number of new publications in religion was more than 40 per cent, greater than was more than 40 per cent. greater the year before, and the volumes of parents than doubled?